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Days of Vehicon 236



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Chapter 1 by Glowpy-Druglord

I've never doubted anything I was ever told. It was in my programming; I was forced to follow any order I was given by higher authorities. I have never doubted anything about the Decepticon cause. Not until she showed.

Megatron referred to her as Captain Skystorm. I was present when she first came aboard the Nemesis, as a soldier I was always at the position of attention. Of course, I didn't know she was coming to the ship, then again, Vehicons like me don't get told much. She looked battle hardened, she bore the scars, and the experience. I was just a part of a mass produced unit. Fighter class, which means, I die more often than not. But there was always a rebellious look that she had in her optics that only I seemed to notice. I could have been seeing things, my optics sometimes malfunctioned when I needed them the most. But I was sure about this one; she would incite rebellion against our warlord and get many of our troops to follow her.

I never went close to her, she seemed to have a dislike for Vehicons, especially the ones that quarreled with the Insecticons. I, however, had some smarts in my processor to stay away from the brainless brutes. Although, I had my fair share of quarreling which usually landed me in the

med bay. I never did complain, I seemed to be the only one who did. Unlike most of these soldiers, my processor has defied my programming. I was having discipline and following orders. But I had a rebellious streak that I couldn't control.

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“Autobots!” I cried, alerting the Captain, who was helping monitor the mine with us. She whipped around with a snarl growing on her face plates, pulling her spear from her back. The spikes on either end extended outwards, her body was posed for a fight. I aimed my blaster carefully at the Autobots, letting out a barrage of blaster bolts. The motorcycle Autobot transformed in midair, her foot extended to nail me in my helm. I sidestepped quickly, her body landing behind me. She whipped around, the blades on her wrist extending and her optics narrowing. I knew what those blades could do, I witnessed many of my brethren turned to scrap by those. I wasn’t about to let her win so easily, because as I said before, I was no ordinary soldier. I stole a quick glance to the Captain, but then I realized there was no need. She seemed to be handling herself fairly well with the Autobots she was fighting. Of course she can handle herself, she’s a captain of Megatron’s army. My program was urging me to abandon the Autobot that I was facing and assist the captain, but I fought my base programming and allowed the captain to deal with the Autobots she was dealing with. I turned my attention to the femme who was now lunging at me.

I was taught how to improve my programming by Soundwave himself. He seemed to be the only one who realized I was more than just a mindless bot. The reprogramming actually took longer than I had hoped it would, but after it was done, I had learned how to improve my brethren. Megatron did not know of my actions, because if he did, there was no telling how much I would suffer. I had tried to hide my combat and scouting skills for quite some time, and I did fairly well. Soundwave kept my secret and I maintain my dumb Vehicon act as long as I could. It was after a solar cycle or two when I began to realize that Megatron was catching on to me. He seemed to be watching me, only me, very closely as I fought and performed my duties around the warship. I was mindful of his watching optics, I had to up my hiding game. I had also noticed that Megatron was questioning Soundwave as well, I was praying desperately that he would not tell Megatron. He didn’t, much to my relief.

“You’re going down, Autobot filth,” I spat, drawing myself out of my thoughts. I blocked her blow with my forearm, feeling her blade pierce my metal. I twisted my arm around, using the leverage I had with her blades stuck gouging my forearm. I threw her to the ground, yanking her blade

out from my arm and crushing her servo in mine. She let out a cry of pain, using her ped to shove me off by my abdomen. I grunted, not quickly crouching into a fight pose. She looked shocked.

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"Arcee!" The Prime called, seeing her writhe in pain. He looked from her blue form on the ground to my posed body. He narrowed his optics and began firing with fairly well accuracy. I dodged them, but one struck me directly in the chassis, knocking me off of my peds. I landed with a hefty grunt, quickly getting to my peds again, and ready to fight. But by the time I had recovered, the Autobots had fled. I looked to the Captain, who was putting her spear back on her back and walking towards me.

"I've never seen a Vehicon fight like that before," she growled to me.

"What's wrong with you? You should be on the ground like the rest, offline."

I took a step back, in preparation to duck if she swung at me. "I...I just learned the fighting technique from a...Decepticon warrior." She looked unconvinced, but she stepped away from me.

"What's your identification number?" one of the surviving Vehicons demanded, charging up his arm cannon.

"Vehicon 236," I told him, charging my own cannon. "You don't want this to end in a fight, lower your weapon."

The Vehicon made a snorting noise and reluctantly lowered his cannon. I lowered mine as well, shoving past him and walking towards the Captain, who appeared flustered. Her finger was to her helm, she was trying to contact Lord Megatron.

"Sir, would you like me to try and contact our master?" I offered. She shot me a venomous glare, but slowly nodded as she disregarded me. I opened my comm to Megatron. "Lord Megatron."

"Yes, what is it?" he demanded in his gruff voice.

"Some Autobots ambushed the mining vein in sector twenty-two," I informed him. "Captain Skystorm has helped us retrieve all the Energon out of the vein that we could. We need a

groundbridge." He ended the link before I could continue the rest of my report. I suppressed a sigh as I made the motion of moving back at the Captain, who looked like she could level this entire planet.

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Somehow I knew she and I were going to grow close, closer than just a Captain and her soldier.

“Vehicon 236,” I heard the Captain’s voice outside of the med bay. I glanced up from the welding. Knockout was doing to my forearm and over at the Captain who was leaning casually against the door frame. I glanced at my forearm, seeing that the metal was welded together, then at the rising Knockout.

"Sir?" I greeted. "What is that you need?"

She pushed off of the door frame, grasping my shoulder with her servo and guiding out of the med bay. "How were you able to fight like that? You can tell me, I won't let Megatron know."

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